Bul. Harry of Herford, Lancaſter, and Darby
Am I, who readie heare do ſtand in Armes,
To prooue by Gods grace, and my bodies valour
In liſts, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke,
That he is a Traytor foule and dangerous,
To God of Heauen, King Richard, and to me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.
Mar. On paine of death no perſon be ſo bold
Or daring, hardie, as to touch the liſts,
Except the Marſhall and ſuch officers
Appointed to direct theſe faire deſignes.
Bul. Lord Marſhall, let me kiſſe my Soueraignes hand,
And bow my knee before his Maieſtie,
For *Mowbray* and my ſelfe are like two men,
That vow a long and wearie pilgrimage.
Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue,
And louing farewell of our ſeuerall friends.
Mar. The appellant in all dutie greets your highneſſe,
And craues to kiſſe your hand and take his leaue.
King. We will deſcend and folde him in our armes.
Cooſin of Herford, as thy cauſe is right,
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight:
Farewell my blood, which if to day thou ſhead,
Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.
Bul. O let no Noble eie prophane a teare
For me, if I be gorgde with *Mowbraies* ſpeare:
As confident as is the Falcons flight
Againſt a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.
My louing Lord I take my leaue of you:
Of you (my noble Cooſin) Lord *Aumerle*,
Not ſicke, although I haue to do with death,
But luſtie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath.
Loe, as at Engliſh feaſts ſo I regreet
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweet.
Oh thou the earthly Author of my blood,
Whoſe youthfull ſpirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me vp,
To reach a victorie aboue my head,

Adde proofe vnto mine armour
And with thy bleſſings ſteele my
That it may enter Mowbrayes w
And furbiſh new the name of *Ioh*
Euen in the luſtie hauiour of his
Gaunt. God, in thy good cau
Be ſwift like lightning in the exe
And let thy blowes doubly redo
Fall like amazing thunder on th
Of thy aduerſe pernitious enem
Rouſe vp thy youthfull blood,
Bul. Mine innocence and Sai
Mow. How euer God or fort
There lies or dies true to King
A loyall, iuſt, and vpright Gent
Neuer did captiue with a freer h
Caſt off his chaines of Bondag
His Golden vncontroled Enfra
More then my dauncing ſoule d
This feaſt of battle with mine a
Moſt mightie Liege, and my co
Take from my youth the wiſh
As gentle and as iocond as to ie
Go I to fight, truth hath a quie
King. Farewell (my Lord) ſ
Vertue with valor couched in t
Order the triall Marſhall, and b
Mar. Harrie of Herford,
Receiue thy Launce, and God
Bul. Strong as a Tower in ho
Mar. Go beare this launce
Herald. Harry of Herford,
Stands heere, for God, his Sou
On paine to be found falſe and
To proue the Duke of Norfolk
A Traytor to his God, his King
And dares him to ſet forwards
Her. Here ſtanderh Thoma

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA